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P
B.

Our Boston Trip

AUGUST, 1895

GENESEE VALLEY COMMANDERY NO. 15
KNIGHTS TEMPLAR
OF
FLINT, - - - MICHIGAN

THE WAY WE GO.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY, VIA TORONTO, TO KINGSTON.

RICHELIEU & ONTARIO NAVIGATION CO. TO MONTREAL.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY, VIA GORHAM, TO PORTLAND.

BOSTON & MAINE, VIA OLD ORCHARD BEACH, TO BOSTON.

RETURN TRIPS.

FITCHBURG RAILWAY, VIA SARATOGA, TO ROTTERDAM.

WEST SHORE RAILROAD TO NIAGARA FALLS.

GRAND TRUNK SYSTEM TO FLINT.

Or, via any of the coastwise lines of Steamers to New York; Lehigh Valley, West Shore or Erie to Niagara Falls, or Fitchburg Railway to Albany or Troy, Hudson River Day Line of Steamers to New York; returning by any of the above lines in place of going via the Hudson River. Return trip to be made, Hudson River to Albany, West Shore back to Niagara Falls, etc.

TRIENNIAL COMMITTEE.

JOHN MCKERCHER.
DWIGHT T. STONE.

ARTHUR C. MCCALL.
CHAS. B. LELAND.

J. H. CRAWFORD.
JOE H. RANKIN.

OFFICERS OF GENESEE VALLEY COMMANDERY NO. 15.

ARTHUR C. MCCALL, *Eminent Commander.*

J. H. CRAWFORD, *Generalissimo.*

DR. B. F. MILLER, *Captain General.*

MILTON C. PETTIBONE, *Prelate.*

JOE H. RANKIN, *Senior Warden.*

THOS. J. ALLEN, *Junior Warden.*

SAML. C. RANDALL, *Treasurer.*

CHAS. B. LELAND, *Recorder.*

CHAS. S. H. CHASE, *Standard Bearer.*

J. DALLAS DORT, *Sword Bearer.*

FRED A. ALDRICH, *Warder.*

N. W. BURDICK, *Sentinel.*

E. C. BURGESS,

GEO. C. GREEN,

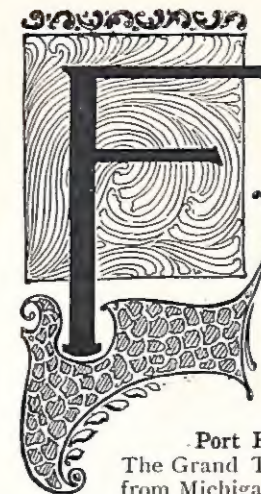
MYER EPHRIAM,

} *Guards.*



Portal St. Clair Tunnel, American Side.

OUR BOSTON PILGRIMAGE.



FLINT is as hard to describe as its name would indicate, except to say, that the chief attraction to us, in our city, is Genesee Valley Commandery No. 15. This, with the ladies, who comprise a part of our population. There are those of us who will take our wives, and others who would take them, were they blessed with such companions.

Flint, the centre of a rich agricultural country, is like all other centres, of note. The brightest people in Michigan have either been born there or at one time claimed residence there. She seems to be a Mecca for fair faces, as her many visitors have frequently testified to, since the Reverend Mr. McDuff was advertised to deliver an oration there to the brothers and sisters of the Mystic Shrine. McDuff laid stress on the peculiar and particular advantages of such a meeting, and demonstrated to the satisfaction of all that he was just as able to ring in a Shriner as he was to embrace a bride.

Genesee Valley Commandery have exemplified their ability to work in more ways and places than at home. Should it be left to the fraters themselves they would undoubtedly claim no credit, as modesty has ever been their watchword. We will leave Flint on the C. & G. T. Ry. for Port Huron.

Port Huron, the Tunnel City, made famous by an immense sub-marine tunnel under the St. Clair River. The Grand Trunk Ry. has perhaps achieved no greater triumph than the construction of this pathway on dry land from Michigan to Canada. Its portals with cavernous look seem to forbid an exploration of the depths below. We might stop to think of the danger courted in a journey beneath the rushing green waters of the river, on whose bosom floats the commerce of two great nations, were it not for the sublime confidence we hold in the scientific man of the nineteenth century. It has been possible during our short lives to see such feats accomplished as would have read in olden times like the fairy story of "Canute," seated upon the shores of the ocean, forbidding the angry waves to ascend farther into his

domain. We, with "Canute," have not yet been able to bridle "Father Time" or the "Waves of the Ocean," but have learned enough to lead one to suppose that all were possible, were we to invoke the aid of modern science. It is but a step from Port Huron to London.



Burlington Heights, Hamilton.

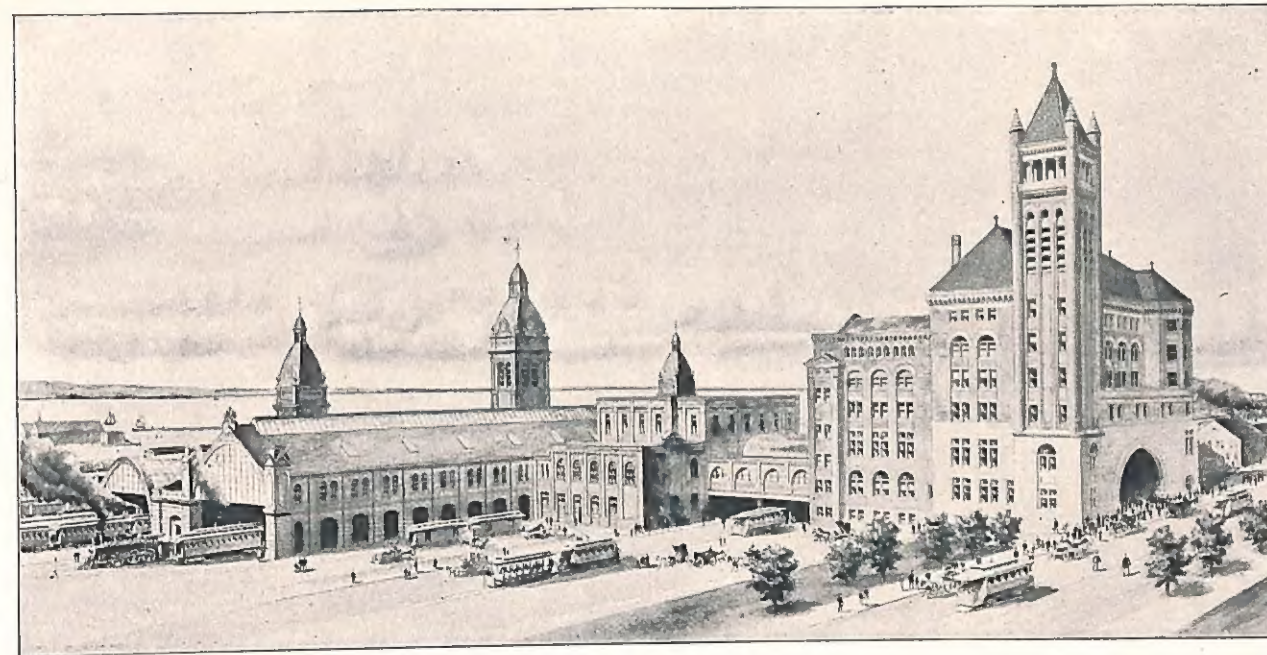
London,—a city of about thirty thousand people. Supper will here engross our time and guide our inclinations. Beyond London comes Ingersol, Woodstock, Dundas, Hamilton and then Toronto.

A pretty view at Dundas, — Burlington Bay at Hamilton. These two views taken in as the crow flies, serve to brighten the trip.

Toronto,— "The American City of Canada." About two hundred thousand people; as progressive, as hospitable, as patriotic as any, will be glad to have the Knights Templar take a look at them and theirs, be their time short or long, — the longer the better. It's evening, however, and we are on the way to Kingston, — perhaps asleep, but awake to the pleasures and comfort of the trip thus far.

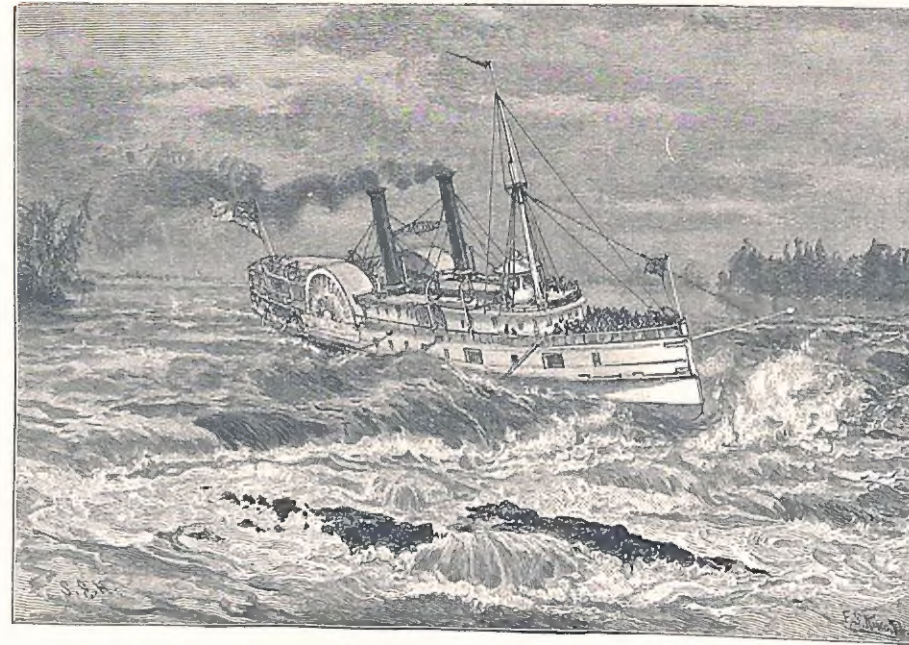
Kingston. — The place from which we sail for Montreal, while our sleepers ride the rail alone. *The head of navigation*, as it were, on the *St. Lawrence River*.

Do we expect much or little, such expectation will be met, in the variety of sea and shore, in the placid green waters, in the crowning, clustering islands, numbered by the thousands, with the creeping vines, just reaching out in verdant beauty,



Grand Trunk Ry. Station, Toronto.

seeking to spread one color over some cottage or castle by the inland sea, but leaving here and there a spot of other brightness, left for man to paint in self protection, from the wind or rain. The steamer seems to float along, not missing any but the meagre spots, which, left behind or hidden from our view, are by us not counted 'mong the Thousand Islands.



Shooting the Lachine Rapids.

to say what story should be told. The Rapids of the St. Lawrence will bring us back to childhood's days, will make us young again. We'll watch the sturdy steamer ride the waves and bear us through the foam, and into pleasant, placid waters once

The Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co., upon whose steamer we are passengers, have provided breakfast for those who desire to invest a half-dollar in building up the inner man, or for those so bewildered with the changing scenes that they hardly know whether the hunger is for thought or food,—for these, the option is provided.

The Rapids.—The Rapids of the St. Lawrence. You have all heard of the Whirlpool at Niagara Falls, or watched its boiling waters playing with perpetual motion, like the wheels of time, rolling in the minutes, then the hours and days, as grist into a "mill of fate." This St. Lawrence, reflecting a one-time pleasant life, without a ripple hardly in its infancy, grows to age and power, for good or ill. It holds the key to pleasure, and its rapids, like the "Elephant of the Orient," bears along our "Howdah," in its forced submission to man. But should its kindness turn to hate, its overwhelming surges would leave no mark or buoy,

again. The Cascades, the Long Sault, some others less important but very interesting; then as we near Montreal, the famous Lachine will be passed. The impressions of some have been gathered from experience. May we all be as pleasantly impressed.

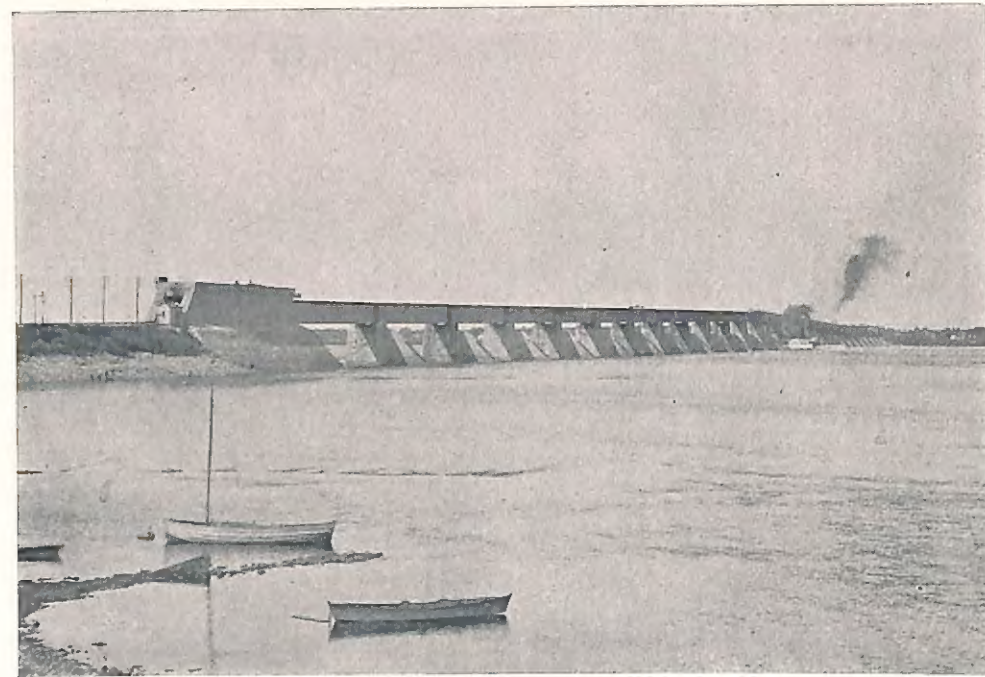
Montreal.—This grand city will be reached about six P. M. Her quota of inhabitants has been placed at three hundred thousand. Her churches and cathedrals are many and magnificent; her public buildings are substantial and elegant; her hotels are sufficient in number and capacity to accommodate a vast number of visitors; her streets are well paved, and intercepted at frequent intervals by beautiful little parks, ornamented with fountains and monuments of noted men. These, together with Mount Royal, the mountain just back of the city, and overlooking all the surrounding country, present an attractiveness in general seldom equaled.

Victoria Bridge.—The Grand Trunk Railway has taken some credit in other descriptions for accomplishing feats of engi-



Place d'Armes, Montreal.

neering. As we leave Montreal and cross over the Victoria Bridge, it will not be necessary to say it should deserve a little more credit here. Victoria Bridge crosses the St. Lawrence River at nearly its widest part, borne up by stone abutments, grounded beneath the deep waters of the St. Lawrence. It is a grand steel structure, covered its entire length, except where perforated here and there with openings (like portholes) used for ventilation, and a space along the top sufficient to admit of the escape of gas and smoke. The rumbling of the wheels as we cross it re-echoes on its steel sides with a tone of solidity bespeaking the safety with which the journey is made. For two miles or over we see beneath us the waters of the St. Lawrence, and finally emerge on the other side to contrast the beautiful verdure of this "summer country" with the sparkling waters of this gateway to the sea.



Victoria Bridge.

Gorham. — "The base of the White Mountains." We seem to be endeavoring to visit the extremes of nature's bounty, as well as the castles of man's imagery. We have thought of war; we have slept in peace, to waken in the bosom of tran-

quility, as it were. The pastoral beauty of these Eastern hills, sloping to the valley we are winding through, form a rich border to the framework of the White Mountains, just in sight. A stop here will fill our lungs with the freshening mountain air, and keep us well awake for each developing jewel of the trip. We will arrive at Gorham about seven A. M., leaving there for Portland at noon.

Portland, Me. —

Old, staid and sober; puritanical though she may be, still like the "Mayflower," bearing pearls without price, she will welcome the Templars. Portland is a beautiful little city; her harbor is a grand one; her Casco Bay is the only *Casco Bay*, dotted with islands innumerable, and now with pleasure ships galore. The salt water, from her ocean mother, dashes on the piers, built up for commerce, even as it washes clean and white the beaches where the pleasure-seekers roam. The Portland visit will be enjoyed.



Village of Gorham, N. H.



Old Orchard Beach.—We have traveled over the Grand Trunk Railway from Flint, nearly all the way to Portland; we leave it for the Boston & Maine from there to Boston, stopping on its line for a little more pleasure at Old Orchard. The sea bath we have been promised, the pageantry of fashion we enjoy (when it's the fashion), we'll drink in here. The white and smoothly-stretching beaches, famed of all in "Old New England," wait our coming. The numerous great hotels, with inviting wide verandas, with all the other adjuncts of a first-class watering place, are to be found at Old Orchard. This should tell enough to let you know what to expect. We spend the whole day Sunday at Old Orchard Beach.

Monday Morning, August 26th.—Boston is nearly in sight. The Mecca is but a few hours away, indeed. We are supposed to be there early in the forenoon; we are getting anxious for fear we have spent too much time in dreamland.

The sight of the quaint New England scenery keeps the heart from throbbing until now—we are rolling through the suburbs of "*Bean-town*." We are in the spacious Union depot.

Boston.—For three years we have thought of thee, like a lover of last season's "summer girl," conjuring up the many visions of how she'd look again to us, in all her gay array of bright reception clothes. Boston should not disappoint us. Is she not "*The Hub*?" There will be nothing too good for us here, if within the gift of those dear Fraters who bade us welcome. Her good hotels, her pleasant parks and drives, her old historic "Commons," her own history itself as a "Commonwealth," will fill us full of interest ourselves. It must be given over to each historian to record their individual impressions. We are all here for that purpose.



Old Orchard Beach.



Niagara Falls.

The Return Trip.—As the case always is, there are so many return routes which have been talked over and speculated on at this time that the Committee have been forced to select one way of returning and name it the official return route. The others mentioned are of course at the option of the pilgrim.

The Official Return Route.—Fitchburg Ry., *via* Saratoga to Troy or Albany; West Shore R. R., *via* Utica, Syracuse, Rochester and Buffalo to Niagara Falls; Grand Trunk System home. Saratoga will no doubt be of interest to a great many, being the most famous inland watering place in America. The waters of its springs are noted for their medicinal properties, and its grand hotels for the advantages of associating with the *elite* of America's society.

The Line of the West Shore.—The early Dutch settlers could not refrain in this "New Holland" from coupling it with the old. Hence the "Mohawk River" flows down through its valley, touching a great many of the oldest towns in America. It was through this valley that the first explorations were made, indeed the first towns were settled by the pioneers from the Atlantic coast. Consequently we find the country thickly settled. In fact the line of the West Shore traverses the garden spot of the State of New York. We will pass on to Niagara Falls.

Niagara Falls.—While *en route* you will likely be desirous of seeing Niagara Falls. You will all pass by it, why not stop off? In the fore part of the description of our trip we have compared the Whirlpool Rapids with the St. Lawrence. It is well that some such comparison were not attempted with Niagara Falls themselves. There seems to be nothing under the blue canopy which can appeal as strongly to the sense of admiration as a sight of Niagara Falls. The gurgling, white-capped current above them rolls relentlessly toward the brink, as does the span of human life,—then, beyond, the future,—from which no traveler has e'er returned. Niagara Falls will, for centuries to come, roll down the page of history, and no one will appear to say, We owe you no homage. We are pleased to see Niagara each time, be our visits ever so frequent.

"The rushing waters seem to reach a goal
So dark—so deep—
And mingle present, past and future in the fold
Of everlasting sleep."

Addenda.—In addition to the official routes returning, any of the trips *via* New York or the Hudson River can be made by the lines mentioned on the page designated "going and return trips." The list of attractions includes a coast-wise ride on any of the steamers plying between Boston and New York, or a rail ride *via* Saratoga, and a daylight trip down the Hudson River. It is unnecessary to mention the attractions by any of these routes, as they will be sufficiently well known to you if traversed. We can go home either *via* Detroit or Port Huron, Grand Trunk Ry. and Chicago & Grand Trunk Ry, to Flint.